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FRANZ

THE COMPLETE STORIES



Kafka Library

The Complete Stories
by Franz Kafka

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Franz Kafka wrote continuously and furiously throughout his short and intensely lived life, but only allowed a fraction of his work to be published during his lifetime. Shortly before his death at the age of forty, he instructed Max Brod, his friend and literary executor, to burn all his remaining works of fiction. Fortunately, Brod disobeyed. The Complete Stories brings together all of Kafka's stories, from the classic tales such as "The Metamorphosis," "In the Penal Colony" and "The Hunger Artist" to less-known, shorter pieces and fragments Brod released after Kafka's death; with the exception of his three novels, the whole of Kafka's narrative work is included in this volume. The remarkable depth and breadth of his brilliant and probing imagination become even more evident when these stories are seen as a whole.

This edition also features a fascinating introduction by John Updike, a chronology of Kafka's life, and a selected bibliography of critical writings about Kafka.

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The complete stories.

become a painful but salutary lesson, spurring me on to make the most diverse improvements on the burrow; if I have peace, and danger does not immediately threaten me, I am still quite fit for all sorts of hard work; perhaps, considering the enormous possibilities which its powers of work open before it, the beast has given up the idea of extending its burrow in my direction, and is compensating itself for that in some other one. That consummation also cannot, of course, be brought about by negotiation, but only by the beast itself, or by some compulsion exercised from my side. In both cases the decisive factor will be whether the beast knows about me, and if so what it knows. The more I reflect upon it the more improbable does it seem to me that the beast has even heard me; it is possible, though I can't imagine it, that it can have received news of me in some other way, but it has certainly never heard me. So long as I still knew nothing about it, it simply cannot have heard me, for at that time I kept very quiet, nothing could be more quiet than my return to the burrow; afterwards, when I dug the experimental trenches, perhaps it could have heard me, though my style of digging makes very little noise; but if it had heard me I must have noticed some sign of it, the beast must at least have stopped its work every now and then to listen. But all remained unchanged.

Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir

Josephine the Singer,
or the Mouse Folk

Our singer is called Josephine. Anyone who has not heard her does not know the power of song. There is no one but is carried away by her singing, a tribute all the greater as we are not in general a music-loving race. Tranquil peace is the music we love best; our life is hard, we are no longer able, even on occasions when we have tried to shake off the cares of daily life, to rise to anything so high and remote from our usual routine as music. But we do not much lament that; we do not get even so far; a certain practical cunning, which admittedly we stand greatly in need of, we hold to be our greatest distinction, and with a smile born of such cunning we are wont to console ourselves for all shortcomings, even supposing -- only it does not happen -- that we were to yearn once in a way for the kind of bliss which music may provide. Josephine is the sole exception; she has a love for music and knows too how to transmit it; she is the only one; when she dies, music -- who knows for how long -- will vanish from our lives.

I have often thought about what this music of hers really means. For we are quite unmusical; how is it that we understand Josephine's singing or, since Josephine denies that, at least think we can understand it. The simplest answer would be that the beauty of her singing is so great that even the most insensitive cannot be deaf to it, but this answer is not satisfactory. If it were really so, her singing would have to give one an immediate and lasting feeling of being something out of the ordinary, a feeling that from her throat

something is sounding which we have never heard before and which we are not even capable of hearing, something that Josephine alone and no one else can enable us to hear. But in my opinion that is just what does not happen, I do not feel this and have never observed that others feel anything of the kind. Among intimates we admit freely to one another that Josephine's singing, as singing, is nothing out of the ordinary.

Is it in fact singing at all? Although we are unmusical we have a tradition of singing; in the old days our people did sing; this is mentioned in legends and some songs have actually survived, which, it is true, no one can now sing. Thus we have an inkling of what singing is, and Josephine's art does not really correspond to it. So is it singing at all? Is it not perhaps just a piping? And piping is something we all know about, it is the real artistic accomplishment of our people, or rather no mere accomplishment but a characteristic expression of our life. We all pipe, but of course no one dreams of making out that our piping is an art, we pipe without thinking of it, indeed without noticing it, and there are even many among us who are quite unaware that piping is one of our characteristics. So if it were true that Josephine does not sing but only pipes and perhaps, as it seems to me at least, hardly rises above the level of our usual piping -- yet, perhaps her strength is not even quite equal to our usual piping, whereas an ordinary farmhand can keep it up effortlessly all day long, besides doing his work -- if that were all true, then indeed Josephine's alleged vocal skill might be disproved, but that would merely clear the ground for the real riddle which needs solving, the enormous influence she has.

After all, it is only a kind of piping that she produces. If you post yourself quite far away from her and listen, or, still better, put your judgment to the test, whenever she happens to be singing along with others, by trying to identify her voice, you will undoubtedly distinguish nothing but a quite ordinary piping tone, which at most differs a little from the others through being delicate or weak. Yet if you sit down before her, it is not merely a piping; to comprehend her art it is necessary not only to hear but to see her. Even if hers were only our usual workaday piping, there is first of all this peculiarity to consider, that here is someone making a ceremonial performance out of doing the usual thing. To crack a nut is truly no feat, so no one would ever dare to collect an audience in order to entertain it with nut-cracking. But if all the same one does do that and succeeds in entertaining the public, then it cannot be a matter of simple nut-cracking. Or it is a matter of nut-cracking, but it turns out that we have overlooked the art of cracking nuts because we were too skilled in it and that this newcomer to it first shows us its real nature, even finding it useful in making his effects to be rather less expert in nut-cracking than most of us.

Perhaps it is much the same with Josephine's singing; we admire in her what we do not at all admire in ourselves; in this respect, I may say, she is of one mind with us. I was once present when someone, as of course often happens, drew her attention to the folk piping everywhere going on, making only a modest reference to it, yet for Josephine that was more than enough. A smile so sarcastic and arrogant as she then assumed I have never seen; she, who in appearance is delicacy itself, conspicuously so even among our people who are prolific in such feminine types, seemed at that moment actually vulgar; she was at once aware of it herself, by the way, with her extreme sensibility, and controlled herself. At any rate she denies any connection between her art and ordinary piping. For those who are of the contrary opinion she has only contempt and probably unacknowledged hatred.

This is not simple vanity, for the opposition, with which I too am half in sympathy, certainly admires her no less than the crowd does, but Josephine does not want mere admiration, she wants to be admired exactly in the way she prescribes, mere admiration leaves her cold. And when you take a seat before her, you understand her; opposition is possible only at a distance, when you sit before her, you know: this piping of hers is no piping.

Since piping is one of our thoughtless habits, one might think that people would pipe up in Josephine's audience too; her art makes us feel happy, and when we are happy we pipe; but her audience never pipes, it sits in mouselike stillness; as if we had become partakers in the peace we long for, from which our own piping at the very least holds us back, we make no sound. Is it her singing that enchants us or is it not rather the solemn stillness enclosing her frail little voice? Once it happened while Josephine was singing that some silly little thing in all innocence began to pipe up too. Now it was just the same as what we were hearing from Josephine; in front of us the piping sound that despite all rehearsal was still tentative and here in the audience the unselfconscious piping of a child; it would have been impossible to define the difference; but yet at once we hissed and whistled the interrupter down, although it would not really have been necessary, for in any case she would certainly have crawled away in fear and shame, whereas Josephine struck up her most triumphal notes and was quite beyond herself, spreading her arms wide and stretching her throat as high as it could reach.

That is what she is like always, every trifle, every casual incident, every nuisance, a creaking in the parquet, a grinding of teeth, a failure in the lighting incites her to heighten the effectiveness of her song; she believes anyhow that she is singing to deaf ears; there is no lack of enthusiasm and applause, but she has long learned not to expect real understanding, as she conceives it. So all disturbance is very welcome to her; whatever intervenes from outside to hinder the purity of her song, to be overcome with a slight effort, even with no effort at all, merely by confronting it, can help to awaken the masses, to teach them not perhaps understanding but awed respect.

And if small events do her such service, how much more do great ones. Our life is very uneasy, every day brings surprises, apprehensions, hopes, and terrors, so that it would be impossible for a single individual to bear it all did he not always have by day and night the support of his fellows; but even so it often becomes very difficult; frequently as many as a thousand shoulders are trembling under a burden that was really meant only for one pair. Then Josephine holds that her time has come. So there she stands, the delicate creature, shaken by vibrations especially below the breastbone, so that one feels anxious for her, it is as if she has concentrated all her strength on her song, as if from everything in her that does not directly subserve her singing all strength has been withdrawn, almost all power of life, as if she were laid bare, abandoned, committed merely to the care of good angels, as if while she is so wholly withdrawn and living only in her song a cold breath blowing upon her might kill her. But just when she makes such an appearance, we who are supposed to be her opponents are in the habit of saying: "She can't even pipe; she has to put such a terrible strain on herself to force out not a song -- we can't call it song -- but some approximation to our usual customary piping." So it seems to us, but this impression although, as I said, inevitable is yet fleeting and transient. We too are soon sunk in the feeling of the mass, which, warmly pressed body to body, listens with indrawn breath.

And to gather around her this mass of our people who are almost always on the run and scurrying hither and thither for reasons that are often not very clear, Josephine mostly needs to do nothing else than take up her stand, head thrown back, mouth half-open, eyes turned upwards, in the position that indicates her intention to sing. She can do this where she likes, it need not be a place visible a long way off, any secluded corner pitched on in a moment's caprice will serve as well. The news that she is going to sing flies around at once and soon whole processions are on the way there. Now, sometimes, all the same, obstacles intervene, Josephine likes best to sing just when things are most upset, many worries and dangers force us then to take devious ways, with the best will in the world we cannot assemble ourselves as quickly as Josephine wants, and on occasion she stands there in ceremonial state for quite a time without a sufficient audience -- then indeed she turns furious, then she stamps her feet, swearing in most unmaidenly fashion; she actually bites. But even such behavior does no harm to her reputation; instead of curbing a little her excessive demands, people exert themselves to meet them; messengers are sent out to summon fresh hearers; she is kept in ignorance of the fact that this is being done; on the roads all around sentries can be seen posted who wave on newcomers and urge them to hurry; this goes on until at last a tolerably large audience is gathered.

What drives the people to make such exertions for Josephine's sake? This is no easier to answer than the first question about Josephine's singing, with which it is closely connected. One could eliminate that and combine them both in the second question, if it were possible to assert that because of her singing our people are unconditionally devoted to Josephine. But this is simply not the case; unconditional devotion is hardly known among us; ours are people who love slyness beyond everything, without any malice, to be sure, and childish whispering and chatter, innocent, superficial chatter, to be sure, but people of such a kind cannot go in for unconditional devotion, and that Josephine herself certainly feels, that is what she is fighting against with all the force of her feeble throat. In making such generalized pronouncements, of course, one should not go too far, our people are all the same devoted to Josephine, only not unconditionally. For instance, they would not be capable of laughing at Josephine. It can be admitted: in Josephine there is much to make one laugh; and laughter for its own sake is never far away from us; in spite of all the misery of our lives quiet laughter is always, so to speak, at our elbows; but we do not laugh at Josephine. Many a time I have had the impression that our people interpret their relationship to Josephine in this way, that she, this frail creature, needing protection and in some way remarkable, in her own opinion remarkable for her gift of song, is entrusted to their care and they must look after her; the reason for this is not clear to anyone, only the fact seems to be established. But what is entrusted to one's care one does not laugh at; to laugh would be a breach of duty; the utmost malice which the most malicious of us wreak on Josephine is to say now and then: "The sight of Josephine is enough to make one stop laughing."

So the people look after Josephine much as a father takes into his care a child whose little hand -- one cannot tell whether in appeal or command -- is stretched out to him. One might think that our people are not fitted to exercise such paternal duties, but in reality they discharge them, at least in this case, admirably; no single individual could do what in this respect the people as a whole are capable of doing. To be sure, the difference in strength

between the people and the individual is so enormous that it is enough for the nursling to be drawn into the warmth of their nearness and he is sufficiently protected. To Josephine, certainly, one does not dare mention such ideas. "Your protection isn't worth an old song," she says then. Sure, sure, old song, we think. And besides her protest is no real contradiction, it is rather a thoroughly childish way of doing, and childish gratitude, while a father's way of doing is to pay no attention to it.

Yet there is something else behind it which is not so easy to explain by this relationship between the people and Josephine. Josephine, that is to say, thinks just the opposite, she believes it is she who protects the people. When we are in a bad way politically or economically, her singing is supposed to save us, nothing less than that, and if it does not drive away the evil, at least gives us the strength to bear it. She does not put it in these words or in any other, she says very little anyhow, she is silent among the chatterers, but it flashes from her eyes, on her closed lips -- few among us can keep their lips closed, but she can -- it is plainly legible. Whenever we get bad news -- and on many days bad news comes thick and fast at once, lies and half-truths included -- she rises up at once, whereas usually she sits listlessly on the ground, she rises up and stretches her neck and tries to see over the heads of her flock like a shepherd before a thunderstorm. It is certainly a habit of children, in their wild, impulsive fashion, to make such claims, but Josephine's are not quite so unfounded as children's. True, she does not save us and she gives us no strength; it is easy to stage oneself as a savior of our people, inured as they are to suffering, not sparing themselves, swift in decision, well acquainted with death, timorous only to the eye in the atmosphere of reckless daring which they constantly breathe, and as prolific besides as they are bold -- it is easy, I say, to stage oneself after the event as the savior of our people, who have always somehow managed to save themselves, although at the cost of sacrifices which make historians -- generally speaking we ignore historical research entirely -- quite horror-struck. And yet it is true that just in emergencies we hearken better than at other times to Josephine's voice. The menaces that loom over us make us quieter, more humble, more submissive to Josephine's domination; we like to come together, we like to huddle close to each other, especially on an occasion set apart from the troubles preoccupying us; it is as if we were drinking in all haste -- yes, haste is necessary, Josephine too often forgets that -- from a cup of peace in common before the battle, It is not so much a performance of songs as an assembly of the people, and an assembly where except for the small piping voice in front there is complete stillness; the hour is much too grave for us to waste it in chatter.

A relationship of this kind, of course, would never content Josephine. Despite all the nervous uneasiness that fills Josephine because her position has never been quite defined, there is still much that she does not see, blinded by her self-conceit, and she can be brought fairly easily to overlook much more, a swarm of flatterers is always busy about her to this end, thus really doing a public service -- and yet to be only an incidental, unnoticed performer in a corner of an assembly of the people, for that, although in itself it would be no small thing, she would certainly not make us the sacrifice of her singing. Nor does she need to, for her art does not go unnoticed. Although we are at bottom preoccupied with quite other things and it is by no means only for the sake of her singing that stillness prevails and many a listener does not even look up but buries his face in his

neighbor's fur, so that Josephine up in front seems to be exerting herself to no purpose, there is yet something -- it cannot be denied -- that irresistibly makes its way into us from Josephine's piping. This piping, which rises up where everyone else is pledged to silence, comes almost like a message from the whole people to each individual; Josephine's thin piping amidst grave decisions is almost like our people's precarious existence amidst the tumult of a hostile world. Josephine exerts herself, a mere nothing in voice, a mere nothing in execution, she asserts herself and gets across to us; it does us good to think of that. A really trained singer, if ever such a one should be found among us, we could certainly not endure at such a time and we should unanimously turn away from the senselessness of any such performance. May Josephine be spared from perceiving that the mere fact of our listening to her is proof that she is no singer. An intuition of it she must have, else why does she so passionately deny that we do listen, only she keeps on singing and piping her intuition away.

But there are other things she could take comfort from: we do really listen to her in a sense, probably much as one listens to a trained singer; she gets effects which a trained singer would try in vain to achieve among us and which are only produced precisely because her means are so inadequate. For this, doubtless, our way of life is mainly responsible.

Among our people there is no age of youth, scarcely the briefest childhood. Regularly, it is true, demands are put forward that the children should be granted a special freedom, a special protection, that their right to be a little carefree, to have a little senseless giddiness, a little play, that this right should be respected and the exercise of it encouraged; such demands are put forward and nearly everyone approves them, there is nothing one could approve more, but there is also nothing, in the reality of our daily life, that is less likely to be granted, one approves these demands, one makes attempts to meet them, but soon all the old ways are back again. Our life happens to be such that a child, as soon as it can run about a little and a little distinguish one thing from another, must look after itself just like an adult; the areas on which, for economic reasons, we have to live in dispersion are too wide, our enemies too numerous, the dangers lying everywhere in wait for us too incalculable -- we cannot shelter our children from the struggle for existence, if we did so, it would bring them to an early grave. These depressing considerations are reinforced by another, which is not depressing: the fertility of our race. One generation -- and each is numerous -- treads on the heels of another, the children have no time to be children. Other races may foster their children carefully, schools may be erected for their little ones, out of these schools the children may come pouring daily, the future of the race, yet among them it is always the same children that come out day after day for a long time. We have no schools, but from our race come pouring at the briefest intervals the innumerable swarms of our children, merrily lisping or chirping so long as they cannot yet pipe, rolling or tumbling along by sheer impetus so long as they cannot yet run, clumsily carrying everything before them by mass weight so long as they cannot yet see, our children! And not the same children, as in those schools, no, always new children again and again, without end, without a break, hardly does a child appear than it is no more a child, while behind it new childish faces are already crowding so fast and so thick that they are indistinguishable, rosy with happiness. Truly, however delightful this may be and however

much others may envy us for it, and rightly, we simply cannot give a real childhood to our children. And that has its consequences. A kind of unexpended, ineradicable childishness pervades our people; in direct opposition to what is best in us, our infallible practical common sense, we often behave with the utmost foolishness, with exactly the same foolishness as children, senselessly, wastefully, grandiosely, irresponsibly, and all that often for the sake of some trivial amusement. And although our enjoyment of it cannot of course be so wholehearted as a child's enjoyment, something of this survives in it without a doubt. From this childishness of our people Josephine too has profited since the beginning.

Yet our people are not only childish, we are also in a sense prematurely old. Childhood and old age come upon us not as upon others. We have no youth, we are all at once grown-up, and then we stay grown-up too long, a certain weariness and hopelessness spreading from that leaves a broad trail through our people's nature, tough and strong in hope that it is in general, our lack of musical gifts has surely some connection with this; we are too old for music, its excitement, its rapture do not suit our heaviness, wearily we wave it away; we content ourselves with piping; a little piping here and there, that is enough for us. Who knows, there may be talents for music among us; but if there were, the character of our people would suppress them before they could unfold. Josephine on the other hand can pipe as much as she will, or sing or whatever she likes to call it, that does not disturb us, that suits us, that we can well put up with; any music there may be in it is reduced to the least possible trace; a certain tradition of music is preserved, yet without making the slightest demand upon us.

But our people, being what they are, get still more than this from Josephine. At her concerts, especially in times of stress, it is only the very young who are interested in her singing as singing, they alone gaze in astonishment as she purses her lips, expels the air between her pretty front teeth, half dies in sheer wonderment at the sounds she herself is producing and after such a swooning swells her performance to new and more incredible heights, whereas the real mass of the people -- this is plain to see -- are quite withdrawn into themselves. Here in the brief intervals between their struggles our people dream, it is as if the limbs of each were loosened, as if the harried individual once in a while could relax and stretch himself at ease in the great, warm bed of the community. And into these dreams Josephine's piping drops note by note; she calls it pearl-like, we call it staccato; but at any rate here it is in its right place, as nowhere else, finding the moment wait for it as music scarcely ever does. Something of our poor brief childhood is in it, something of lost happiness that can never be found again, but also something of active daily life, of its small gaieties, unaccountable and yet springing up and not to be obliterated. And indeed this is all expressed not in full round tones but softly, in whispers, confidentially, sometimes a little hoarsely. Of course it is a kind of piping. Why not? Piping is our people's daily speech, only many a one pipes his whole life long and does not know it, where here piping is set free from the fetters of daily life and it sets us free too for a little while. We certainly should not want to do without these performances.

But from that point it is a long, long way to Josephine's claim that she gives us new strength and so on and so forth. For ordinary people, at least, not for her train of flatterers. "What other explanation could there be?" -- they say with quite shameless sauciness --

"how else could you explain the great audiences, especially when danger is most imminent, which have even often enough hindered proper precautions being taken in time to avert danger." Now, this last statement is unfortunately true, but can hardly be counted as one of Josephine's titles to fame, especially considering that when such large gatherings have been unexpectedly flushed by the enemy and many of our people left lying for dead, Josephine, who was responsible for it all, and indeed perhaps attracted the enemy by her piping, has always occupied the safest place and was always the first to whisk away quietly and speedily under cover of her escort. Still, everyone really knows that, and yet people keep running to whatever place Josephine decides on next, at whatever time she rises up to sing. One could argue from this that Josephine stands almost beyond the law, that she can do what she pleases, at the risk of actually endangering the community, and will be forgiven for everything. If this were so, even Josephine's claims would be entirely comprehensible, yes, in this freedom to be allowed her, this extraordinary gift granted to her and to no one else in direct contravention of the laws, one could see an admission of the fact that the people do not understand Josephine, just as she alleges, that they marvel helplessly at her art, feel themselves unworthy of it, try to assuage the pity she rouses in them by making really desperate sacrifices for her and, to the same extent that her art is beyond their comprehension, consider her personality and her wishes to lie beyond their jurisdiction. Well, that is simply not true at all, perhaps as individuals the people may surrender too easily to Josephine, but as a whole they surrender unconditionally to no one, and not to her either.

For a long time back, perhaps since the very beginning of her artistic career, Josephine has been fighting for exemption from all daily work on account of her singing; she should be relieved of all responsibility for earning her daily bread and being involved in the general struggle for existence, which -- apparently -- should be transferred on her behalf to the people as a whole. A facile enthusiast -- and there have been such -- might argue from the mere unusualness of this demand, from the spiritual attitude needed to frame such a demand, that it has an inner justification. But our people draw other conclusions and quietly refuse it. Nor do they trouble much about disproving the assumptions on which it is based. Josephine argues, for instance, that the strain of working is bad for her voice, that the strain of working is of course nothing to the strain of singing, but it prevents her from being able to rest sufficiently after singing and to recuperate for more singing, she has to exhaust her strength completely and yet, in these circumstances, can never rise to the peak of her abilities. The people listen to her arguments and pay no attention. Our people, so easily moved, sometimes cannot be moved at all. Their refusal is sometimes so decided that even Josephine is taken aback, she appears to submit, does her proper share of work, sings as best she can, but all only for a time, then with renewed strength -- for this purpose her strength seems inexhaustible -- she takes up the fight again.

Now it is clear that what Josephine really wants is not what she puts into words. She is honorable, she is not work-shy, shirking in any case is quite unknown among us, if her petition were granted she would certainly live the same life as before, her work would not at all get in the way of her singing nor would her singing grow any better -- what she wants is public, unambiguous, permanent recognition of her art, going far beyond any precedent so far known. But while almost everything else seems within her reach, this eludes her

persistently. Perhaps she should have taken a different line of attack from the beginning, perhaps she herself sees that her approach was wrong, but now she cannot draw back, retreat would be self-betrayal, now she must stand or fall by her petition.

If she really had enemies, as she avers, they could get much amusement from watching this struggle, without having to lift a finger. But she has no enemies, and even though she is often criticized here and there, no one finds this struggle of hers amusing. Just because of the fact that the people show themselves here in their cold, judicial aspect, which is otherwise rarely seen among us. And however one may approve it in this case, the very idea that such an aspect might be turned upon oneself some day prevents amusement from breaking in. The important thing, both in the people's refusal and in Josephine's petition, is not the action itself, but the fact that the people are capable of presenting a stony, impenetrable front to one of their own, and that it is all the more impenetrable because in other respects they show an anxious paternal care, and more than paternal care, for this very member of the people.

Suppose that instead of the people one had an individual to deal with: one might imagine that this man had been giving in to Josephine all the time while nursing a wild desire to put an end to his submissiveness one fine day; that he had made superhuman sacrifices for Josephine in the firm belief that there was a natural limit to his capacity for sacrifice; yes, that he had sacrificed more than was needful merely to hasten the process, merely to spoil Josephine and encourage her to ask for more and more until she did indeed reach the limit with this last petition of hers; and that he then cut her off with a final refusal which was curt because long held in reserve. Now, this is certainly not how the matter stands, the people have no need of such guile, besides, their respect for Josephine is well tried and genuine, and Josephine's demands are after all so far-reaching that any simple child could have told her what the outcome would be; yet it may be that such considerations enter into Josephine's way of taking the matter and so add a certain bitterness to the pain of being refused.

But whatever her ideas on the subject, she does not let them deter her from pursuing the campaign. Recently she has even intensified her attack; hitherto she has used only words as her weapons but now she is beginning to have recourse to other means, which she thinks will prove more efficacious but which we think will run her into greater dangers. Many believe that Josephine is becoming so insistent because she feels herself growing old and her voice falling off, and so she thinks it high time to wage the last battle for recognition. I do not believe it. Josephine would not be Josephine if that were true. For her there is no growing old and no falling off in her voice. If she makes demands it is not because of outward circumstances but because of an inner logic. She reaches for the highest garland not because it is momentarily hanging a little lower but because it is the highest; if she had any say in the matter she would have it still higher.

This contempt for external difficulties, to be sure, does not hinder her from using the most unworthy methods. Her rights seem beyond question to her; so what does it matter how she secures them; especially since in this world, as she sees it, honest methods are bound to fail. Perhaps that is why she has transferred the battle for her rights from the field of song to another which she cares little about. Her supporters have let it be known that, according to herself, she feels quite capable of singing in such a way that all levels of the

populace, even to the remotest corners of the opposition, would find it a real delight, a real delight not by popular standards, for the people affirm that they have always delighted in her singing, but a delight by her own standards. However, she adds, since she cannot falsify the highest standards nor pander to the lowest, her singing will have to stay as it is. But when it comes to her campaign for exemption from work, we get a different story; it is of course also a campaign on behalf of her singing, yet she is not fighting directly with the priceless weapon of her song, so any instrument she uses is good enough. Thus, for instance, the rumor went around that Josephine meant to cut short her grace notes if her petition were not granted. I know nothing about grace notes, and have never noticed any in Josephine's singing. But Josephine is going to cut short her grace notes, not, for the present, to cut them out entirely, only to cut them short. Presumably she has carried out her threat, although I for one have observed no difference in her performance. The people as a whole listened in the usual way without making any pronouncement on the grace notes, nor did their response to her petition vary by a jot. It must be admitted that Josephine's way of thinking, like her figure, is often very charming. And so, for instance, after that performance, just as if her decision about the grace notes had been too severe or too sudden a move against the people, she announced that next time she would put in all the grace notes again. Yet after the next concert she changed her mind once more, there was to be definitely an end of these great arias with the grace notes, and until her petition was favorably regarded they would never recur. Well, the people let all these announcements, decisions and counterdecisions go in at one ear and out at the other, like a grown-up person deep in thought turning a deaf ear to a child's babble, fundamentally well disposed but not accessible.

Josephine, however, does not give in. The other day, for instance, she claimed that she had hurt her foot at work, so that it was difficult for her to stand up to sing; but since she could not sing except standing up, her songs would now have to be cut short. Although she limps and leans on her supporters, no one believes that she is really hurt. Granted that her frail body is extra sensitive, she is yet one of us and we are a race of workers; if we were to start limping every time we got a scratch, the whole people would never be done limping. Yet though she lets herself be led about like a cripple, though she shows herself in this pathetic condition oftener than usual, the people all the same listen to her singing thankfully and appreciatively as before, but do not bother much about the shortening of her songs.

Since she cannot very well go on limping forever, she thinks of something else, she pleads that she is tired, not in the mood for singing, feeling faint. And so we get a theatrical performance as well as a concert. We see Josephine's supporters in the background begging and imploring her to sing. She would be glad to oblige, but she cannot. They comfort and caress her with flatteries, they almost carry her to the selected spot where she is supposed to sing. At last, bursting inexplicably into tears, she gives way, but when she stands up to sing, obviously at the end of her resources, weary, her arms not widespread as usual but hanging lifelessly down, so that one gets the impression that they are perhaps a little too short -- just as she is about to strike up, there, she cannot do it after all, an unwilling shake of the head tells us so and she breaks down before our eyes. To be sure, she pulls herself together again and sings, I fancy, much as usual; perhaps, if one has an

ear for the finer shades of expression, one can hear that she is singing with unusual feeling, which is, however, all to the good. And in the end she is actually less tired than before, with a firm tread, if one can use such a term for her tripping gait, she moves off, refusing all help from her supporters and measuring with cold eyes the crowd which respectfully makes way for her.

That happened a day or two ago; but the latest is that she has disappeared, just at a time when she was supposed to sing. It is not only her supporters who are looking for her, many are devoting themselves to the search, but all in vain; Josephine has vanished, she will not sing; she will not even be cajoled into singing, this time she has deserted us entirely.

Curious, how mistaken she is in her calculations, the clever creature, so mistaken that one might fancy she has made no calculations at all but is only being driven on by her destiny, which in our world cannot be anything but a sad one. Of her own accord she abandons her singing, of her own accord she destroys the power she has gained over people's hearts. How could she ever have gained that power, since she knows so little about these hearts of ours? She hides herself and does not sing, but our people, quietly, without visible disappointment, a self-confident mass in perfect equilibrium, so constituted, even though appearances are misleading, that they can only bestow gifts and not receive them, even from Josephine, our people continue on their way.

Josephine's road, however, must go downhill. The time will soon come when her last notes sound and die into silence. She is a small episode in the eternal history of our people, and the people will get over the loss of her. Not that it will be easy for us; how can our gatherings take place in utter silence? Still, were they not silent even when Josephine was present? Was her actual piping notably louder and more alive than the memory of it will be? Was it even in her lifetime more than a simple memory? Was it not rather because Josephine's singing was already past losing in this way that our people in their wisdom prized it so highly?

So perhaps we shall not miss so very much after all, while Josephine, redeemed from the earthly sorrows which to her thinking lay in wait for all chosen spirits, will happily lose herself in the numberless throng of the heroes of our people, and soon, since we are no historians, will rise to the heights of redemption and be forgotten like all her brothers.

Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir

THE SHORTER STORIES

Children on a Country Road

I heard the wagons rumbling past the garden fence, sometimes I even saw them through gently swaying gaps in the foliage. How the wood of their spokes and shafts creaked in the summer heat! Laborers were coming from the fields and laughing so that it was a scandal. I was sitting on our little swing, just resting among the trees in my parents' garden. On the other side of the fence the traffic never stopped. Children's running feet were past in a moment; harvest wagons with men and women perched on and around the sheaves darkened the flower beds; toward evening I saw a gentleman slowly promenading with a walking stick, and a couple of girls who met him arm in arm stepped aside into the grass as they greeted him.

Then birds flew up as if in showers, I followed them with my eyes and saw how high they soared in one breath, till I felt not that they were rising but that I was falling, and holding fast to the ropes began to swing a little out of sheer weakness. Soon I was swinging more strongly as the air blew colder and instead of soaring birds trembling stars appeared. I was given my supper by candlelight. Often both my arms were on the wooden board and I was already weary as I bit into my bread and butter. The coarse-mesh window curtains bellied in the warm wind and many a time some passer-by outside would stay them with his hands as if he wanted to see me better and speak to me. Usually the candle soon went out and in the sooty candle smoke the assembled midges went on circling for a while. If anyone asked me a question from the window I would gaze at him as if at a distant mountain or into vacancy, nor did he particularly care whether he got an answer or not. But if one jumped over the window sill and announced that the others were already waiting, then I did get to my feet with a sigh.

"What are you sighing for? What's wrong? Has something dreadful happened that can never be made good? Shan't we ever recover from it? Is everything lost?"

Nothing was lost. We ran to the front of the house. "Thank God, here you are at last!" --

"You're always late!" -- "Why just me?" -- "Especially you, why don't you stay at home if you don't want to come." -- "No quarter!" -- "No quarter? What kind of way is that to talk?"

We ran our heads full tilt into the evening. There was no daytime and no nighttime. Now our waistcoat buttons would be clacking together like teeth, again we would be keeping a steady distance from each other as we ran, breathing fire like wild beasts in the tropics. Like cuirassiers in old wars, stamping and springing high, we drove each other down the short alley and with this impetus in our legs a farther stretch along the main road. Stray figures went into the ditch, hardly had they vanished down the dusky escarpment when they were standing like newcomers on the field path above and looking down.

"Come on down!" -- "Come on up first!" -- "So's you can push us down, no thanks, we're not such fools." -- "You're afraid, you mean. Come on up, you cowards!" -- "Afraid? Of the likes of you? You're going to push us down, are you? That's a good one."

We made the attempt and were pushed head over heels into the grass of the roadside ditch, tumbling of our own free will. Everything was equably warm to us, we felt neither warmth nor chill in the grass, only one got tired.

Turning on one's right side, with a hand under the ear, one could easily have fallen asleep there. But one wanted to get up again with chin uplifted, only to roll into a deeper

ditch. Then with an arm thrust out crosswise and legs threshing to the side one thought to launch into the air again only to fall for certain into a still deeper ditch. And of this one never wanted to make an end.

How one might stretch oneself out, especially in the knees, properly to sleep in the last ditch, was something scarcely thought of, and one simply lay on one's back, like an invalid, inclined to weep a little. One blinked as now and then a youngster with elbows pressed to his sides sprang over one's head with dark-looming soles, in a leap from the escarpment to the roadway.

The moon was already some way up in the sky, in its light a mail coach drove past. A small wind began to blow everywhere, even in the ditch one could feel it, and nearby the forest began to rustle. Then one was no longer so anxious to be alone.

"Where are you?" -- "Come here!" -- "All together!" -- "What are you hiding for, drop your nonsense!" -- "Don't you know the mail's gone past already?" -- "Not already?" -- "Of course; it went past while you were sleeping." -- "I wasn't sleeping. What an idea!" -- "Oh shut up, you're still half asleep." -- "But I wasn't." -- "Come on!"

We ran bunched more closely together, many of us linked hands, one's head could not be held high enough, for now the way was downhill. Someone whooped an Indian war cry, our legs galloped us as never before, the wind lifted our hips as we sprang. Nothing could have checked us; we were in such full stride that even in overtaking others we could fold our arms and look quietly around us.

At the bridge over the brook we came to a stop; those who had overrun it came back. The water below lapped against stones and roots as if it were not already late evening. There was no reason why one of us should not jump onto the parapet of the bridge. From behind clumps of trees in the distance a railway train came past, all the carriages were lit up, the windowpanes were certainly let down. One of us began to sing a popular catch, but we all felt like singing. We sang much faster than the train was going, we waved our arms because our voices were not enough, our voices rushed together in an avalanche of sound that did us good. When one joins in song with others it is like being drawn on by a fish hook.

So we sang, the forest behind us, for the ears of the distant travelers. The grownups were still awake in the village, the mothers were making down the beds for the night. Our time was up. I kissed the one next to me, reached hands to the three nearest, and began to run home, none called me back. At the first crossroads where they could no longer see me I turned off and ran by the field paths into the forest again. I was making for that city in the south of which it was said in our village:

"There you'll find queer folk! Just think, they never sleep!"

"And why not?"

"Because they never get tired."

"And why not?"

"Because they're fools."

"Don't fools get tired?"

"How could fools get tired!"

Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir

"Eine kleine Frau," written toward the end of 1923, was included in *Bin Hungerkünstler* (q.v.), *Erzählungen* (Schocken B1 and C5), pp. 244-54. *Penal Colony* (Schocken D3), pp. 234-43.

At the end of September 1923, Kafka, with his companion Dora Dymant, moved to Berlin-Steglitz. "There was written the comparatively happy story, 'A Little Woman.' The 'little woman-judge' who lives her life in constant anger with her own 'ego,' which is really a stranger to her, is none other than their landlady." (Max Brod, *Franz Kafka*, p. 197).

The Burrow

"Der Bau," written in the winter of 1923-24, was first published in *Beim Bau der Chinesischen Mauer*, pp. 77-130, and reprinted in *Beschreibung eines Kampfes* (Schocken Bv), pp. 172-214. The end of the story was lost. *Great Wall of China* (Schocken D1), pp. 44-82. The story "is virtually finished" (E. Muir, *Introductory Note to the first English edition*, p. xvii).

Josephine the Singer, or the Mouse Folk

"Josephine, die Sängerin, oder Das Volk der Mäuse," written in the spring of 1924, is Kafka's last finished work. It was first published in the *Prager Presse*, April 20, 1924 (Easter edition), and included in *Bin Hungerkünstler* (q.v.), *Erzählungen* (Schocken B1 and C5), pp. 268-91. *Penal Colony* (Schocken D3), pp. 256-77.

The Shorter Stories

The first eighteen stories (from "Children on a Country Road" to "Resolutions") were written between 1904 and 1912. In 1908, Kafka published eight pieces, selected from this group, entitled "Betrachtung," in the bimonthly *Hyperion*, vol. I, edited by Franz Blei and Carl Sternheim. It was Kafka's first publication. In 1910, he selected five more pieces for publication in the Prague daily *Bohemia* (March 27). "The Trees," "Clothes," and "Excursion into the Mountains" are taken from "Description of a Struggle" (Schocken D8), pp. 84, 89 f., and 36 f. "Children on a Country Road" is taken from the same story, chap. II of version B, a section not included in the version of "Description of a Struggle" reprinted in this volume. The first version of "Bachelor's Ill Luck" appeared in *Diaries*, November 14, 1911. "The Sudden Walk": see the entry in the *Diaries*, January 5, 1912. "Resolutions": see the text in *Diaries*, February 5, 1912. The entire group appeared, in a sequence established by Kafka, under the title *Betrachtung* (Leipzig: Rowohlt Verlag, 1913) -- *Erzählungen* (Schocken C5), pp. 23-50. *Penal Colony* (Schocken D3), pp. 21-45 ("Meditation").

Kafka's own sequence in the collection "Meditation" is as follows: "Children on a Country Road"; "Unmasking a Confidence Trickster"; "The Sudden Walk"; "Resolutions"; "Excursion into the Mountains"; "Bachelor's Ill Luck"; "The Tradesman"; "Absent-minded Window-gazing"; "The Way Home"; "Passers-by"; "On the Tram"; "Clothes"; "Rejection"; "Reflections for Gentlemen-Jockeys"; "The Street Window"; "The Wish to Be a Red Indian"; "The Trees"; "Unhappiness."

Diaries, August 15, 1912: "Again read old diaries instead of keeping away from them. I live as irrationally as is at all possible. And the publication of the thirty-one pages is to blame for everything. Even more to blame, of course, is my weakness, which permits a thing of this sort to influence me."

Diaries, August 11, 1912: "Now, after the publication of the book, I will have to stay away from magazines and reviews even more than before, if I do not wish to be content with just sticking the tips of my fingers into the truth."

The next fifteen stories (from "A Dream" to "The Cares of a Family Man") were written between 1914 and 1917. Some were originally published in *Das jüdische Prag*, the periodicals *Marsyas* (Berlin) and *Selbstwehr* (Prague). In 1919, Kurt Wolff Verlag (Munich and Leipzig) published a collection of Kafka stories, *Bin Landarzt. Kleine Erzählungen*, which contains this group of stories (except "The Bridge," "The Bucket Rider," "The Knock at the Manor Gate," "My Neighbor," and "A Crossbreed ["A Sport]"). "Jackals and Arabs" ("Schakale und Araber"), written early in 1917, was first published in the monthly *Der Jude*, edited by Martin Buber, vol. II (October 1917), pp. 488 ff., and in *Neue deutsche Erzähler*, edited by J. Sandmeier, vol. I (Berlin: Furche Verlag, 1918). The longer stories "A Country Doctor" (the title story) and "A Report to an Academy" (included by Kafka in *Bin Landarzt*) are reprinted in the first section of the present volume. *Erzählungen* (Schocken C5), pp. 133-77; *Penal Colony* (Schocken D3), pp. 135-84, with the addition of "The Bucket Rider" (pp. 184-87), which Kafka intended for *Ein Landarzt* and later withdrew from it.

Kafka's own sequence for the collection "A Country Doctor" is as follows: "The New Advocate"; "A Country Doctor"; "Up in the Gallery"; "An Old Manuscript"; "Before the Law"; "Jackals and Arabs"; "A Visit to a Mine"; "The Next Village"; "An Imperial Message"; "The Cares of a Family Man"; "Eleven Sons"; "A Fratricide"; "A Dream"; "A Report to an Academy"; "The Bucket Rider."

Kafka to Brod on "Eleven Sons": "The eleven sons are quite simply eleven stories I am working on this very moment" (Max Brod, *Franz Kafka*, p. 140).

"The Bridge," "The Knock at the Manor Gate," "My Neighbor," and "A Crossbreed ["A Sport"]" were first published in *Beim Bau der Chinesischen Mauer*, then in *Beschreibung eines Kampfes* (Schocken Bv and C8). *Great Wall of China* (Schocken D1).

Of the last group of twenty-two stories, written between 1917 and 1923, only one, "First Sorrow," was published by Kafka. "Erstes Leid," probably written between the fall of 1921 and the spring of 1922, appeared in Kurt Wolff Verlag's art periodical *Genius*, III, No. 2 (1921; actually, 1922). It is included in *Bin Hungerkünstler. Vier Geschichten* (see note on "A Hunger Artist"). *Erzählungen* (Schocken C5), pp. 241-43. *Penal Colony* (Schocken D3), pp. 231-34.

The next five stories ("A Common Confusion" to "The City Coat of Arms") first appeared in *Beim Bau der Chinesischen Mauer*; the following three ("Poseidon," "Fellowship," and "At Night") were first issued in *Beschreibung eines Kampfes* (Schocken Av, Bv). The first publication of "The Problem of Our Laws" was in *Beim Bau der Chinesischen Mauer* (pp. 29-32). The following five stories (from "The Conscription of Troops" to "The Top") appeared first in *Beschreibung eines Kampfes* (Schocken Av, Bv). "A Little Fable" was first issued in *Beim Bau der Chinesischen Mauer* (p. 59); "Home-Coming," "The Departure," and "Advocates" in *Beschreibung eines Kampfes* (Schocken Av, Bv); "The Married

Couple" in Beim Bau der Chinesischen Mauer (pp. 66-73); "Give it Up!" in Beschreibung eines Kampfes (Schocken Av, Bv); and "On Parables" in Beim Bau der Chinesischen Mauer (pp. 36 f.). English translations appeared in Great Wall of China (Schocken D1), Penal Colony (Schocken D3), and Description of a Struggle (Schocken D8).

Diaries, June 21, 1913: "The tremendous world I have in my head. But how free myself and free it without being torn to pieces. And a thousand times rather be torn to pieces than retain it in me or bury it. That, indeed, is why I am here, that is clear to me." March 26, 1912: "Only not to overestimate what I have written, for in that way I make what is to be written unattainable."

CHRONOLOGY

1883 Born in Prague, July 3, son of Hermann (1852-1931) and Julie (née Löwy) (1856-1934).

1889-93 Elementary school at Fleischmarkt.

1889, 1890, 1892 Birth of sisters Elli, Valli, Ottla. Two younger brothers died in infancy.

1893-1901 German gymnasium, Prague; friendship with Oskar Pollak. Family resides in Zeltnergasse.

ca. 1899-1900 Reads Spinoza, Darwin, Nietzsche. Friendship with Hugo Bergman.

1899-1903 Early writings (destroyed).

1901-6 Study of German literature, then law at German University, Prague; partly in Munich. Influenced by Alfred Weber's critical analysis of industrial society.

1902 Vacation in Schelesen and Triesch, with uncle Dr. Siegfried Löwy (the "country doctor"). Met Max Brod; friendship with Felix Weltsch and Oskar Baum.

1903 Working on a novel *The Child and the City* (lost).

1904-5 "Description of a Struggle." Reads diaries, memoirs, letters: Byron, Grillparzer, Goethe, Eckermann.

1905-6 Summers in Zuckmantel. Love affair with an unnamed woman. Meetings with Oskar Baum, Max Brod, Felix Weltsch.

1906 Works in the law office of Richard Löwy, Prague.
June: Gets degree of doctor juris at German University, Prague.
From October: One year's internship in the law courts.

1907-8 "Wedding Preparations in the Country" (fragments of a novel).

1907 October: Position with "Assicurazioni Generali," Italian insurance company. Family moves to Niklas-Strasse.

1908 Position at the semi-governmental Workers' Accident Insurance Institute (until retirement, July 1922). Close friendship with Max Brod.
Writes "On Mandatory Insurance in the Construction Industry."

1909 Publication of eight prose pieces in Hyperion.
September: At Riva and Brescia with Max and Otto Brod. Writes "The Aeroplanes at Brescia."

1910 Member of circle of intellectuals (Mrs. Berta Fanta).
March: Publication of five prose pieces in Bohemia.
May: Beginning of the Diaries (quarto notebooks; last entry, June 12, 1923).
Yiddish theater company from Eastern Europe performs.
October: Paris, with Max and Otto Brod.
December: Berlin.

1911 January-February: Business trip to Friedland and Reichenberg.
Summer: Zurich, Lugano, Milan, Paris (with Max Brod). Plans to work with Brod on a novel, "Richard and Samuel."
Alone in a sanatorium in Erlenbach near Zurich. Travel diaries.
Writes "Measures to Prevent Accidents [in Factories and Farms]" and "Workers' Accident Insurance and Management."

1911-12 Winter: Yiddish theater company. Friendship with Yiddish actor Isak Löwy; study of Jewish folklore; beginning of a sketch on Löwy.

1911-14 Working on Amerika (main parts written 1911-12).

1912 First studies of Judaism (H. Graetz, M. I. Pines).
February: Gives lecture on the Yiddish language.
July: Weimar (Goethe's town, with Max Brod), then alone in the Harz Mountains (Sanatorium Just). Meets Ernst Rowohlt and Kurt Wolff, joint managers of Rowohlt Verlag.
August 13: Meets Felice Bauer from Berlin, in the house of Max Brod's father in Prague.
August 14: Manuscript of Meditation sent to the publisher.
September 20: Beginning of correspondence with Felice Bauer.
September 22-23: "The Judgment" written.

September-October: Writes "The Stoker" (or "The Man Who Disappeared") which later became first chapter of Amerika.

October 1912 to February 1913: Gap in the diaries.

November: "The Metamorphosis" written.

1913 January: Publication of Meditation.

February 1913 to July 1914: Lacuna in productivity.

Easter: First visit to Felice Bauer in Berlin.

Spring: Publication of The Judgment.

May: Publication of "The Stoker."

September: Journey to Vienna, Venice, Riva. At Riva, friendship with "the Swiss girl."

November: Meeting with Crete Bloch, friend of Felice Bauer. Beginning of correspondence with her. [She becomes mother of his son, who died before reaching the age of seven, and of whom K. never knew.]

1914 Easter: In Berlin.

April: Engagement to Felice Bauer in Berlin.

July 12: Engagement broken.

Summer: "Memoirs of the Kalda Railroad" written. Hellerau, Lübeck, Marienlyst on the Baltic (with Ernst Weiss).

October: "In the Penal Colony" written.

Fall: Begins writing The Trial.

Winter: "Before the Law" (part of The Trial) written.

1915 January: Renewed meeting with Felice Bauer (in Bodenbach).

Continues working on The Trial.

Receives Fontane Prize for "The Stoker."

February: Moves from parents' home into rented rooms: Bilekgasse and Langengasse.

Journey to Hungary with sister Elli.

November: Publication of The Metamorphosis.

December (and January 1916): "The Village Schoolmaster" ["The Giant Mole"] written.

Meets Georg Mordecai Langer.

1916 July: Meeting with Felice Bauer in Marienbad.

August 20: Draws up a list of reasons for and against marriage.

Stories written, later collected in A Country Doctor.

Winter: Bothered by noise, K. moves to remote Alchemists' Lane, Prague.

1917 First half: "The Hunter Gracchus" written.

Learning Hebrew.

Spring: "The Great Wall of China" written.

July: Second engagement to Felice Bauer.

August: Begins coughing blood.

September 4: Diagnosis of tuberculosis. Moves to sister Ottla in Zürau.

September 12: Leave of absence from office.
November 10: Diary entries break off.
End of December: Breaking of second engagement to Felice Bauer.
Fall and winter: Aphorisms written (octavo notebooks).

1918 January to June: Zürau. Reading Kierkegaard.
Spring: Aphorisms continued.
Prague, Turnau.
November: Schelesen. Meets Julie Wohryzek, daughter of a synagogue custodian. A project for "The Society of Poor Workers," an ascetic society.

1919 January 10: Diary entries are resumed.
Schelesen; Spring: Again in Prague.
[Spring: Felice Bauer married.]
Spring: Engagement to Julie Wohryzek (broken November 1919).
May: Publication of In the Penal Colony.
Fall: Publication of A Country Doctor.
November: "Letter to His Father" written.
Winter: "He," collection of aphorisms, written. Schelesen, with Max Brod.

1920 January 1920 to October 15, 1921: Gap in diaries.
Sick leave from Workers' Accident Insurance Institute. Meran.
End of March: Meets Gustav Janouch. Meran.
Meets Milena Jesenská-Pollak, Czech writer (Vienna). Correspondence.
Summer and fall: Prague. Writing stories.
December: Tatra Mountains (Matliary). Meets Robert Klopstock.

1921 October 15: Note in diary that K. had given all his diaries to Milena.
[Kafka's son by Crete Bloch dies in Munich.]
Until September: Tatra Mountains sanatorium; then Prague; Milena.

1921-24 Stories written, collected in A Hunger Artist.

1922 January to September: The Castle written.
February: Prague.
Spring: "A Hunger Artist" written.
May: Last meeting with Milena.
End of June to September: In Planá on the Luschnitz with sister Ottla. Prague.
Summer: "Investigations of a Dog" written.

1923 Prague.
July: In Müritz (with sister Elli); in a vacation camp of the Berlin Jewish People's Home, meets Dora Dymant [Diamant].
Prague, Schelesen (Ottla).

End of September: With Dora Dymant in Berlin-Steglitz; later moves, with Dora, to Grunewaldstrasse.

Attends lectures at the Berlin Academy (Hochschule) for Jewish Studies.

Winter: "The Burrow" written.

K. and Dora move to Berlin-Zehlendorf.

A Hunger Artist sent to publisher.

1924 Spring: "Josephine the Singer, or the Mouse Folk" written.

Brought as a patient from Berlin to Prague.

April 10: To Wiener Wald Sanatorium, Professor Hajek's clinic in Vienna; then sanatorium in Kierling, near Vienna (with Dora Dymant and Robert Klopstock).

June 3: Death in Kierling; burial June 11, in the Jewish cemetery in Prague-Straschnitz.

Publication of A Hunger Artist.

1942 Death of K.'s sister Ottla in Auschwitz. The other two sisters also perished in German concentration camps.

1944 Death of Crete Bloch at the hands of a Nazi soldier.

Death of Milena in a German concentration camp.

1952 August: Death of Dora Dymant in London.

1960 Death of Felice Bauer.

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